everything that can at least be saved, at least for the ethnologist, should be brought to safety. I tried to carry out to the best of my ability this duty that belongs to every scientific traveler, insofar as my chief task, research in my own special field, permitted, I made it a rule to note down only those things I saw and experienced in direct, personal contact with the natives. Only in the chapter, "Midwifery" did I find it necessary to depend upon the experiences of a local white woman. Well aware that the experiences of an [173] individual can only be spotty, I still prefer to paint the picture of the Hottentots as it appeared to me and not to draw with another's pen, even when the gaps are large, because in an area that leaves so much to the interpretation of the individual, I would only trust myself an interpretation of those things which I myself have observed.

G. Fritsch (68) has made a compilation of the most worthwhile ethno-

68. G. Fritsch, Die Eingeborenen Südafrikas, ethnographisch und anatomisch beschrieben, mit Atlas. Breslau, 1872.

logical material that was available up to 1872. But since the work of Theophilus Hahn, (66) published in 1867, there have been no coherent

66. Th. Hahn, Die Nama-Hottentotten. Ein Beitrag zur südafrikanischen Ethnographie (Globus, vol. XII, 1867).

original investigations of the folk life of the Hottentots. I will merely mention Ratzel's(70) presentation here. It cannot be my job to discuss the

70. Fr. Ratzel, Völkerkunde, 2nd ed., 1894.

problems of the comparative ethnology of the South African peoples from the viewpoint of the specialized literature. I shall only report my own observations, developed independently, often merely stated as facts for more expert people to evaluate.

In regard to the Hottentot script inserted in the text, refer to what is said in chapter V, A, about the language.

I was always spurred to further research by seeing that where, on the basis of older reports, it was least expected, the old individuality of the people in respect to the family and the individual, had often remained

11: Maingard Q-5 (1931-1932) 1932
FX13 Hottentot FX13
Korana

121 of the Gubbins Collection at the University and of the Municipal Library of Johannesburg, had convinced me that that could not be the case. Thanks to the kind assistance of my friends, Rev. H. R. Higgs and Mr. C. Lefevre, of Bloemhof, and I must also add, thanks to the good offices of Rev. John Motseleng, the Native minister at Bloemhof, I was able to discover the remnants of the once numerous tribe—the Links Korana—at Bloemhof, which I visited in December 1931, and February 1932.

123 161 177 My knowledge of their language created rapid contact with them. I found in the location about twenty-five of them—all that remains apart from a few stray farm hands in the district and perhaps also on the Free State side of the Vaal River, living their lives apart from the Bechuana who surround them, and preserving the ancient language of their forefathers. But the pastoral life over the vast veld, the countless flocks and herds, exist no more; their old customs, because of the influence of civilisation and of Christianity, have gone.

115 I tried to pick up the broken threads of their old tradition and of their former culture. The old men helped me. There was *Tabab*, a descendant of the old chieftain stock, once a fighter in the battle of Mamusa (1885) a man of about seventy or eighty; *Teteb*, the nephew of the old chiefs of the Links, a slightly younger man; *Saul van Eck*, the son of *Willem*, the Catechist of Rev. Brune of the Saron Mission Station, nearly as old as *Tabab*; *Matiti*, with wrinkled face and bent double with old age and nearly, if not over 100; *Juli*, still older, a wizened old figure of a man, silent through age, and old *Daob*. This last of the old generation was recounting his memories and mentioned "Boomplaats." That word gave me a clue to his age. It is, as is well known, the name of a battle fought in 1848 between Andries Pretorius and the English. *Daob* said he was a grown-up man at Thaba 'Nchu, a Mission Station a short distance east of Bloemfontein, when he saw the Boers of Pretorius rushing through after their defeat. If we take twenty years, as a minimum, to mean the age of "a grown-up man," then he would be at least 104, and probably much more, for he called *Matiti* "a boy." His appearance did not belie his great age. He was nothing but skin and bone, very tall and slightly bent, blind, but extraordinarily active physically and mentally. His speech was quick and his memory amazing. An expert musician, he was of great help to my colleague, Professor Kirby, who accompanied me on my second trip. Such was the group of old men, three of them centenarians, who are now the repositories of the tribal lore of the Links and of their ancient traditions.

The old women, *Kheis*, the wife of *Tabab*, a stately dame, of the royal lineage of Mamusa, *Go:ti* and *Meis*, two very old, wrinkled